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CAROLINE:

A COMIC DRAMINA,

IN TWO ACTS.

ARRANGED BY

O. A. BROWNSON, JR.

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DUBUQUE, IOWA.

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CAROLINE:

A COMIC DRAMINA,

IN TWO ACTS.

revised
corrected
BY O. A. BROWNSON, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ANNIE" AND OTHER DRAMINAS.

PALMER & BRO., PUBLISHERS,

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54
1892-1894
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN GREALEY, the sick man, *guileless*.

FRITZ FREILEICHT, a philosopher, *fat and fair*.

LARRY O'KEOGHAN, a servant, *frolicsome*.

CAROLINE, housekeeper for Grealey, *honest*.

MISS JULIA, a rich spinster, *nervous and delicate*.

MARGARET, servant to Miss Julia, *a doubtful pearl*.

QUIMBY and ROLLO, mischievous spiders.

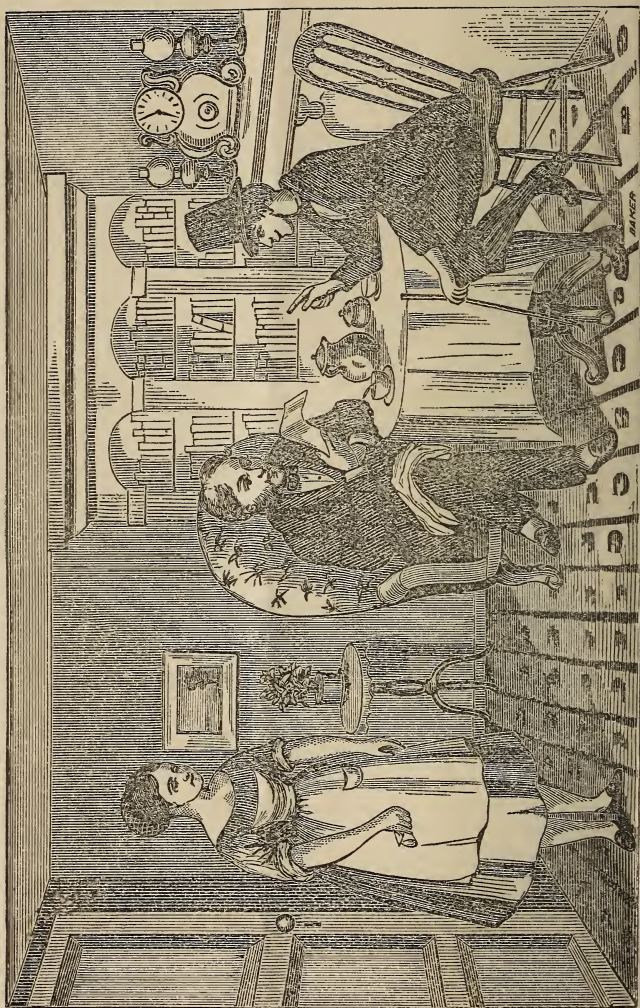
POLICEMEN, a la Matsell et Baker.

COSTUMES, of the present day.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *Entrance Left*; R. *Entrance Right*; C. *Center*; R. C. *Right Center*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. S. E. *Right Second Entrance*; &c.

The reader is supposed to be on the stage facing the audience.



CAROLINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—JOHN GREALEY, *a well to do bachelor, at breakfast in his own house; enter LARRY, L., a fine broth of a boy, dancing a jig; a letter in one hand and a shillalee in the other.*

Larry. An might yer name be Grealey or fwat, I dun know?

Grealey. [*rising suddenly*] Get out fellow; leave this room; what do you mean by disturbing a gentleman in this manner?

Larry. D'ye hear that? A gintleman! Bad luck to the likes of ye! Were ye a gintleman its mesilf wud be listenin to a small invitation to be breakin the fast av me—sorry a differ—see that, honey; [*showing the letter, he tears off the envelop, which he gives GREALEY*]—d'ye mind the hand write? From me lady JULIA; long life to her. [*Whistles while GREALEY examines the envelop; recognizing the handwriting, he drops the envelop and reaches for the letter.*]

Grealey. Ah! yes, give it to me—it is all right my good man, it is for me——

Larry. [*holding the letter off*] Good man! did he say? more like tired and hungry——

Grealey. Certainly, my friend, sit down, rest and eat. [*LARRY gives him the letter, sits down with his hat on, and eats freely.*]

Grealey. [*Coming down c. reads, overpowered with joy.*]

MOST KIND FRIEND:

The extraordinary and magnificent plants, that you so politely sent me some time ago, have bloomed

and blossomed, shedding promiscuous beauty, delight and joyous wonder everywhere around the enchanted beholders.

The Asiatic flower illusion seems a miracle indeed. I am at a loss, which more to admire, your vast research in discovering such rare and exquisite flora, or your unprecedented generosity in enabling me, a comparative stranger, to profit by your unremitting studies.

I have charged my servant Larry, the bearer of this, to pay you at once, and to request of you, that if you should again discover other rare and beautiful plants to send some to your well wisher, JULIA.

[*folding the letter to his heart as LARRY rings the little bell on the table*] Gentle and appreciative Miss Julia, my lamps shall burn the frequent midnight oil in thy behalf. [*Enter CAROLINE R. C., his house keeper, a fat Dutch girl; she picks up the envelop and not noticing LARRY, speaks to GREALEY.*]

Caroline. [*see engraving Page 4*] Did you ring?—

Larry. Av coorse, me angel, be sittin at the ind av the table for company like—[*She looks puzzled and astonished.*]

Grealey. [*Shaking LARRY*] What do you mean? I give all necessary orders in this house, Sir.

Larry. [*rising*] Arrah! thin its home I'll go; and be the token, it's to Miss Julia, I'll be relat in yer ondacint tratement av mesilf, half starved, a comin to yer house. She be spaking to me av yer honor, she be, and says she, [*GREALEY listens very attentively, while CAROLINE fixes things in order on the table*] LARRY, says she, do ye be thinkin, is that Grealey a gentleman? an do he be a lovin av me? Ah! acushla machree, says I, to Miss Julia, says I—but I'll be goin home to finish me breakfast. [*going*]

Grealey. [*Animated*] No, no sir; sit down and eat. What did your mistress remark concerning me?—

Larry. [*Smilingly to CAROLINE*] Sit down, honey; be atin; the auld miser 'll niver miss fwat yer delicate stumic might consale.

Grealey. Yes, Caroline, sit down and humor this eccentric foreigner a little. [*They sit at opposite sides*]

of the table; GREALEY stands anxious, CAROLINE is surprised and LARRY feels full of mischief.] Now my good man, what did your mistress observe about me? Tell me *all* she said——

Larry. Bad luck to yer education, to be botherin a gintleman, an him in the swate presince av a lady! See, me darlin, is it more sugar ye have in that cup? [*to GREALEY*] Be aisy now; says I to Miss Julia, says I, [*to CAROLINE*] divil fear the sugar, me swate Coraleen, [*turning*] says I to Miss Julia, says I—If so be ye love the gintleman, and says I to Miss Julia, says I—If so be the gintleman loves you—[*drinks, and scrapes the sugar out of the bottom of the cup with his finger*] Ah! Coraleen, ma vourneen, but yer thecke is better nor yer thenn—[*turning*] says I to Miss Julia, says I—[*rises*] Och, hone! its goin I be ready—wud yer honor be lindin me the loan av a shillin or two, fwhile I be drinkin the health of mistress Grealey? Long life to the pretty face av her; were she a widder—[*GREALEY pulls out a roll of bills*]—more power to ye, niver mind the change, a five or a tin will do as well; an I cud be drinkin the health av the whole family—the small Grealeys, God bless em. [*taking a bill*] Good bye, me swate Coraleen; may yer shadow niver grow less, an may——

Grealey. Stay, my good man—wait a little; does your mistress love me, do you say?

Larry. Ask *her*; divil a know I know—does yer swate Coraleen love me, I dun know? [*goes up to her*] Fwhist, honey, wud ye be comin to me aunt's wake the night? Divil a more finer! [*dances around her*]

Caroline. [*pushing him off*] You make very free with strangers. How would you like for me to tell my Fritz?

Larry. [*dancing on out, R. S. E.*]—Arrah! fits is it ye have, oh! musha, musha, fits is it? [*exit*]

Grealey. This is a very impudent fellow, Caroline, and but for the sake of his mistress, the adorable Miss Julia, we ought to have kicked him out. Such manners; he did not even wait for an answer! I fear Miss Julia will be much offended. Run, get my overcoat and umbrella; I must go and see her [*exit Caro-*

line, R.] and make a personal explanation. What a glorious excuse I now have at last to visit her! She must be a great lady. Such beautiful and eloquent language as her letter contains could only have been inspired by some angelic form, some divine human.

I shall see her, and what future destiny may await the world should we be united? The offsprings of metaphysical genius and celestial refinement, typified by the floral exotics, cause of this affinity, who can tell? Perhaps immutable destiny has so decreed—perhaps—*[Enter Caroline, R., who fixes him up to go out]* take good care of things till I return. This day may decide the unknown fate of nations, let me onward—*[exit, R.]*

Caroline. *[Fixes up things, then looks out R., seeing GREALEY gone, she calls at L. S. E.]* Fritz, Fritz, mein lieben Fritz, koom herine, der alte mann ist ausgespielt. *[Enter Fritz, L. U. E., a burly Dutchman with a big pipe in his mouth.]*

Fritz. Wie gates, meine Frauline, wie gates all der wiles, I dinks immer von you, meine Caroleen.

Caroline. Du bist mein liebsten Fritz, koom geschwind, wir wollen etwas essen. *[They eat and drink, she sparingly, he plentifully; then they sit away from the table. c.]*

Fritz. Vat you dinks, dem old mans ist gone by dem Boste Office? He koom pecke mit der Constabler purdy soon already? Hey?

Caroline. No, he has gone to see his Schatzchen, and won't be back for a long time.

Fritz. So, his Liebchen to sehen—yaw I likes him—he is bully fellow—when mine tog Laus she was here *[he whistles for a dog]* she is a tog—I donne see no such a togs by this countrie—

Caroline. *[sighing]* I tell you Fritz, I wish I was in Heaven—in Himmel already—

Fritz. I vish I vas in das beer hause—

Caroline. Oh! Fritz, how can you talk so?

Fritz. Ich bin philosoph, und always vishes mine self in der pest place. *[She turns away.]* Well, you goes Sunday mit mir by dem beer gartens, und now you reads me sometings from mine book, und sings

me some loblized, vile I schleeps some little already.
[*He gives her a scrap book, which being unrolled, shows pictures of dogs; then he goes in L. C., takes off his overcoat and lies down to sleep. She reads a few verses in German about the dogs, then comes down c., and sings.*]

SONG—CAROLINE.

Kind friends, from far across the sea,
Homeward return in song with me,
Sweet home of all we hold most dear!
Great Fatherland once more appear.

[*Fritz sings*] Of Brezels yaw, und lager beer.

Beyond the rolling Ocean's wave
Beyond the bounds that Nature gave
To toiling man in days of yore,
Come see the homes, we'll see no more.

[*Fritz sings*] Lager und Brezel hide der shore.

Oh! blessed happy home of mine,
Where whirls the rapid roaring Rhine;
Where lofty mountains sweep the sky;
My parents' cottage there I spy,

My mother kind and father dear
In all their early health appear;
Brothers and sisters crowd around,
To greet and kiss the lost, now found.

Across the green, beneath the hill,
I see my sweetheart's cottage still,
The grape vines half conceal the door
Where stands my love, as oft before.

His soft blue eyes and flaxen hair,
His soul of love so free from care,
Invite me o'er, once more we stand
In sweet embrace of heart and hand.

Dear angel Fritz, sweet love of mine,
Say on again, "I love thee, Caroline;"
No other voice can charm my ear,
No other love may seem so dear.

[*Seeing that FRITZ is fast asleep she closes the door very carefully.*]

Caroline. I must go and see about the dinner while my Fritz is sleeping. I wonder if master will be back soon, I guess not, for he is nearly crazy about that Miss Julia. Wont she get a prize when she gets old Grealey? I wouldn't mind having his money, but no Mrs. Grealey for me, not any. [*dances; as she looks in at FRITZ, who snores, the scene changes.*]

SCENE II.—*A village roadside.—Enter two rowdies, QUIMBY, R., ROLLO, L.; they meet c.*

Quimby. Say Rollo would you like some fun?

Rollo. Fun? You bet, what is it?

Quimby. You know old Grealey, that lives up on the hill, the old book worm, flower garden jackass? Well, the old sinner is coming around the corner puffing and blowing like he was sent for and couldn't get there fast enough.

Rollo. The old curmudgeon! left handed cod-lasher! Shall we make him drunk and then play him a game of poker or billiards?

Quimby. He won't drink, but I'll tell you what to try—we'll fool him slick—do you hide and when he comes up, tell him he looks sick; make him believe he is dying; gammon him good; I will go on, meet him, and tell him the same thing.

Rollo. Hurrah! we'll scare the gizzard out of the old cove; all right, go ahead; I'll hide. [*ROLLO hides L., and QUIMBY goes on meeting GREALEY, as he enters R., in great haste*]

Quimby. Ah! good day, Mr.—[*jumping back and jerking his hand away*—what's the matter Grealey? You look sick to-day? What's up? Why! you are as white as my shirt! [*which is dirty looking*]

Grealey. Nothing's the matter with me; on the contrary I never felt better or more vigorous in all my life—

Quimby. Something's coming sure, you are as pale as Death—perhaps you are catching the cholera—Believe me, go home, take some medicine and wrap up warm in bed. How could they let you go out looking that way? [*Exit Quimby R., in a great hurry, holding his nose.*]

Grealey. May be I am catching some disease, but I think friend Quimby is mistaken. Perhaps I love my Julia over much—sweet unwinged angel upon earth—such consolation hast thou, that none could wish thee fairy wing to carry our delight beyond the cerulean ether away. [*He starts on and ROLLO enters L., they meet L. c., and shake hands.*]

Rollo. [*Starting back*] Good Heavens! Grealey, what ails you? Mercy on us! how yellow and pale you look! How long have you felt it? Shall I run for a doctor?

Grealey. I don't see what can be the matter? I expect I *am* sick. Mr. Quimby was just talking with me, and he remarked the same paleness; I'll go home and doctor up—Do you think it is anything serious?

Rollo. I don't know; hydrophobia perhaps—you look awful; I must go, for it may be some contagious disease—small pox, yellow fever or such. [*runs out L.*]

Grealey. Some—contagious—disease; [*looks between his fingers*—it can't be the itch, that always comes here first. I've had the measles and the whooping cough, [*putting his hand on his heart*] heart disease—yes that's it; I'll hurry home. Confound that Caroline to let me come out sick in this way—pale as death; fever—cholera,—all contagious diseases.

[*exit R., hurriedly.*]

SCENE III.—*Room in GREALEY's house.*—

Enter CAROLINE R. c.

Caroline. I wonder if my Fritz sleeps yet, (*opens the door softly, then turns to see if any one is coming.*) Oh! yes, how sweetly he sleeps, as innocent as a sheep. If it were not for waking him, I would give him a kiss, the dear sweet child, (*brings out his overcoat*) let me see what he has here, (*pulls out a huge pipe*) poor boy; this is his consolation when he gets lonely; (*pulls out a long string of Bologna sausage, at which she wonders much,*) this is his provision when he is hungry; (*takes out a bottle*) schnapps, I'guess, (*smells and takes a drink*) gin cordial; much better than lager beer, (*pulls out a quantity of onions, they roll*

around over the floor; she is astonished at the number) no wonder he is fat! (*picks them up and fills her apron with all these things*) I'll go cook them for him, he'll be so hungry, when he wakes up. (*closes the door L. C., very carefully, and exit R. C. Then enter GREALEY, R., much excited, rings the bell furiously, CAROLINE comes in quickly R. C.*)

Grealey. (*pulling out a strap*) Ah! you unfeeling, careless woman, after all I have done for you; look at me; (*beating her*) here am I as sick as man can be, and you would not tell me! (*beats her*) Look at me, I am as pale as a sheet. I have the small pox, itch, cholera, and all kinds of contagious diseases, and you would not say so! Everybody remarked my ghastly appearance. What do you mean by letting me go out in this condition? (*beats her*)

Caroline. Indeed, good sir, don't beat me; I didn't know you were unwell—

Grealey. But look at me, see how pale I am, suppose Miss Julia had seen me sick this way—the sweetest, fondest dream of my life was destroyed; the hope and end of my existence paralyzed, (*beats her*) I'll teach you to tell me the next time I am sick. Run, bring me a quilt; try to do something to cure an unfortunate, heart broken, bodily diseased, afflicted human—(*exit CAROLINE R. S. E.*)—to let a man go out doors as pale as Death! yellow and pale, white as a shirt, taking the cholera—yes, I feel it now—Oh! cruel fate, just as fortune's fairest favors—(*Enter CAROLINE R. S. E., with a quilt, in which she wraps him up, and leads him to the rocking chair with great tenderness and care.*) Now, cruel, heartless woman, bring me some lively medicine, some hot tea, to start the circulation; hurry, run quick or all is lost. (*Exit CAROLINE R. C., in great anxiety. He rumbles, and grumbles and groans, as FRITZ comes out L. C., half asleep and trying to wake up, puts on his overcoat.*)

Fritz. Ich habe gut geschlafen. (*feeling in the pockets of his overcoat*) Dunder und blitzen! Vo ist mein schnapps? Und Himmel! mein Bologna? Caroleen—Caroleen—I donna understan—gevatter ohne gewissensangst und sich—

Grealey. (Looking up) Yes, I *am* sick, I am crazy, delirious, demented—I see the devil—there he is—he speaks Dutch—a Dutch devil! (*He covers up his head as FRITZ hides L. c.*) Oh! horrid visions, go away! (*He gets up, and looks all around.*) All quiet now, oh! terrific sights of madness and despair, may ye never more return. Alas! how unfortunate to lose my reason! How doubly, trebly unfortunate, that this should happen before Miss Julia could have seen me in days of by gone sanity! (*looks around again*) Nothing, yet I am sure he was here, large and fat and round. (*sinks back, exhausted into the chair and covers himself up—groans occasionally. Enter LARRY, R., whistling and dancing, sees GREALEY,*)

Larry. Hooray! auld Grealey, mealey, squealey, get up out av that, here's yer frind, an Miss Julia's compliments. (*slapping him*) Say, ye drowsy headed bat av an owl, slaping be daylight, wake up out av that, an give me somethin to drink. (*GREALEY hides still more under the quilt*) Bad luck to the dirty manners av yer mother's son; so ye won't get up out of that? Begorra, its mesilf that'll help mesilf thin. Silence give consint. (*He looks around and seeing FRITZ, L. c., he jumps back*) Ah! bedad, more nocturnal birds—aves accipitres—be the token, mister, fwat bizness have ye there? Come out av that, or be the O'Flynn's, the O'Flaherties, the O'Flannagans an the O'Laughlins, I'll waken ye. (*Drags him out*) Who be ye? Is it spooney ye are, or spoons ye are after? (*Enter CAROLINE, R. c., who seeing the condition of her FRITZ throws the basin of hot tea over LARRY. GREALEY groans from time to time.*)

Caroline. Let my Fritz alone, go away and let him alone——

Larry. (jumping around) Och! hone, me swate Caroleen—bad luck to the wather—scaldin the hide av me like Murphy's pig beyant—(*Runs out R.*)

Grealey. (looking up) Oh! Caroline, Caroline, bring me the tea, I am so sick and crazy—I—I have seen the devil while you were away. First he spoke Dutch, then disappeared but soon returned under the form of that horrid Irishman—then all the devils

came at once—oh! I am so sick—if Miss Julia only knew——

Caroline. Here is a distinguished physician just arrived from travels abroad—*horse doctor.* (*aside*) He says you will be well soon, for he can easily cure you. But first you had better go to bed in your own room.

Fritz. (*boldly*) Yaw, Ich bin der doctor, besser you go in dem ped, take much blenty cut straw und molass, I bring pill dese ebning——

Grealey. Cut straw and molasses! Oh! Caroline, how can I? Oh! I shall die, I know I shall, cut straw and molasses, and pills. (*sinks exhausted as curtain falls.*)

MUSIC—"The Deutch Countrie &c."

ACT II.

SCENE I—*The village green, LARRY is dancing a jig as the curtain rises.*

Larry. Saint Patrick's day, bout twelve o'clock in the mornin, an divil a fight yet. (*Enter QUIMBY and ROLLO, L. S. E.*) Who'll spit in me hat? (*Offering his hat to them.*)

Quimby. You're a jolly customer; give us a song and that dance over again. (*They sing and dance together.*)

Rollo. Here is a man after our own mind. Shall I let you into a little secret? Something of advantage to you as well as to us? But you must swear never to reveal it, or death is sure. What say, friend?

Larry. (*Sings*)

Saycrets, me darlins, fear not me,
I revals thim niver, macree,
Be telegraph an be stame cars;
In doors, out doors, up stairs, down stairs;
From first to last, from ind to ind,
I'm sure to serve a trustin frind,
As sure as fallin off a log,
In slippery times av rain or fog——

Rollo, (to Quimby) Shall we trust him?

Quimby. We will. Now, young man, side with us, do the fair thing, and all our fortunes are made.

(LARRY *nods consent*) There is an old woman, that lives not far from here, who has so much money, she don't know what to do with it, or with herself either. What we propose to do is to manage both for her. If you will help us, we can carry her and her money off safe to a secret retreat this very night.

Rollo. And you shall have your equal share. (LARRY *nods consent and grasps his shillalah more firmly*) We will all three go to Miss Julia's house as soon as it is dark; you can pretend that we are police officers sent to arrest her cook maid, and then we can easily take the women and valuables to our island cave. This is our secret.

Larry. Niver fear tellin that saycret. Ah! me divil's picters, it's yersilves are the precious pair of vagabones intirely. Rob me lady Julia, is it? *Me,* Larry, carry off the swate mistress; *me* take the gould an pace of herself an family? Arrah! *ye* may whin Larry's dead. Bad luck to the saycret. (*He goes for them with his shillalah. They draw knives and fight him out R.*)

SCENE II.—*Room in Miss JULIA's house; she is dressed like a fussy old maid of twenty-five to thirty years of age, very neat and particular; elegant furniture, flowers, &c.*

Julia. (*Reads GREALEY's letter with much unction.*)
Most respected lady Julia:

The hope that your well known partiality and desire for floral beauties and blooming rarities would pardon this seeming intrusion, has permitted a neighbor to send you a few specimens of real and artificial plants, the knowledge of which a fortunate course of extensive reading and study has alone developed.

My housekeeper, Caroline, the bearer of this, will, with your permission, illustrate the manner of producing instantaneous growth of plants and flowers, as practiced in oriental regions.

With profound regard,

JOHN GREALEY, L. L. D.

What a kind hearted gentleman to send me such beautiful flowers! What a wonderful discovery is that instantaneous production! Would that Lawrence had returned. I am so anxious to hear how my letter pleased the dear man. (*Clasps the letter to her heart as Margaret enters R. c. with a hot brick, which she fixes to her mistress' feet.*) Go, Margaret and see if Lawrence is coming yet. What can so delay him from returning? (*Exit MARGARET L.*) Here am I most lonely. None to read or sing to me; none to care for me when I am sick; surrounded by hired labor alone, what real affection can I claim? Oh! for the love of one true, devoted heart. Could my dear Grealey only know how lonesome I am here, how isolated from man and the world—if he only knew how truly and sincerely his kindness is appreciated and how warmly it would be returned, how quickly would he fly hither and bear me hence! (*Sighs and sinks back in the rocking chair; enter MARGARET L.*)

Margaret. He cannot be seen anywhere, but the cook will send him up as soon as he comes.

Julia. Bring my mirror. (*She looks in and adjusts a stray curl.*) I am sure I bear my age well, nor am I old looking—merely coming to years of discretion. What can delay Lawrence? Go, look again, and bring me some nourishment. (*Exit MARGARET L. after putting away the mirror.*) The dear good man to send such beautiful flowers and he asked no pay. (*Reads GREALEY'S letter again, as MARGARET enters with one cracker and a little tea for JULIA. While she is eating, enter LARRY L., all dirty and bloody from the fight.*)

Larry. (*bowing*) May it plaze yer ladyship, Missus, the gentleman was overcome entirely wid hearin from yer ladyship, an he thanks yer ladyship, wid all his heart, so he does; begorra, an more power—

Julia. But why are you so bloody? What has happened? You are all cut in the side. It may kill you.

Larry. Arrah! mim, spake to me that soft way agen, yer ladyship. Oh, man! but wasn't it an

illigant fight entirely. Two forninst me; thim wid knives a drivin av me, till I got in a few welts av me swate shillalah. (*Goes over the fight in pantomime, jumping around.*)

Julia. Stop, Lawrence, what was it all about? Why were you fighting? You know I never allow my servants to fight.

Larry. Faix! we was fightin about the saycret—ah, the divil's own saycret intirely. The murderin spalpeen that give me the stab in the bread basket I tho't he'd open the stumie av me intirely! Oh! swate shillalah—sure, mim, ye'd be after lettin me fight thim blaggards once more onyhow? (*Fights in pantomime again*)

Julia. Well, Lawrence, I will forgive you this time, but I cannot allow you to fight any more. Remember, on no account whatsoever. Now, tell me, what did Mr. Grealey say? Did I send money enough?

Larry. Och, bedad! as for the money, he tould me to kape that same in love for yer ladyship.

Julia. What did he say? Every word.

Larry. First, he thanked me, an thin he made all manner av poultry about yer ladyship, so he did. Long life to him. Troth! he was enchanted wid the illigant discription, I give him av yer ladyship. He was comin to see ye, whin, asthore he took the cramps. Bad luck to thim same.

Julia. Took the cramps! What's that?

Larry. Ye see, savin yer presince, me ladyship, an Mistress Margaret there, he was in such a flutter to make yer ladyship a visit, that he took a palpytation av the heart, an is sick in bed for ye, so he is. (*Shows cramps.*)

Julia. How dreadful! and all for me, you say? Go, get my carriage ready. I feel I must see him. How shocking! A lone woman like me to be the cause of such and so great sufferings. But he shall not die—no, no, not die. (*She falls on her knees between them, with uplifted hands, in the greatest agony.*)

(TABLEAU.)

SCENE III.—*Street in the village. Enter QUIMBY and ROLLO R., with their heads bound up, and clothes torn and bloody. They stop c.*

Rollo. Say, Quimby, we might as well leave this part of the country, where one man with a stick can beat two with knives.

Quimby. Yes, I agree. Let's sell out and go, but before we start, that cursed Irishman must die.

Rollo. Them's my sentiments. Keep dark; mum's the word. (*While they are talking two policemen enter unperceived, and take them prisoners*)

First Policeman, [showing warrant] Escaped from Fort Madison a year ago, and who is this you want to murder now? (*They turn pale as they are handcuffed, and led away by the POLICEMEN. Exeunt L.*)

SCENE IV.—*Room in GREALEY'S house—CAROLINE is discovered dusting the chairs, and FRITZ behind a table, that has several flower pots upon it, but there are only very small sprouts in them.*

Fritz. Kook a mal here, meine Caroleen. How you like dem, hey? Ven mein togs Laus vas see dem, she vould nor vant to pe a togs some mores already. (*He performs the magic trick of instantaneous growth of flowers, by having in a hollow paper frustrum of a cone, a beautiful flower, which he places over a flower pot, and then by removing the frustrum, exposes the flower to view. After this they come down c.*) By Jinks, Caroleen, I make dem flower bully, hey? I dinks we all right now, hey?

Caroline. Shouldn't wonder. (*They sing and dance together.*) Look Fritz. Oh, what shall we do? here comes—here comes that old fussy woman, Grealey's Miss Julia. I thought I'd never get away from her long tongue when I was over there. She'll spoil everything. Her servant woman—

Fritz. I cares nottings; the more fraus the beser I likes him. Vas you makes mit me now? Bin ich der doctor all der wiles?

Caroline. Yes, of course, you must help me and we'll manage them some way. If it were not for

that Irishman, it would not be so bad, but come, let us fix what we can. (*She gives him things to arrange, and he puts them back awkwardly in the same place. As she lets in MISS JULIA, MARGARET and LARRY R., FRITZ is helping himself to schnapps from the side table.*)

Larry. Where's Grealey, mealey, squealey? Say, old saur craut, where's yer boss? [*hitting him a rap in the stomach with his shillalah.*]

Fritz. Das weisz ich nicht. Ich bin der doctor. I gif you all so many pill vat you like. Besser you hit me not some more already mit dem stock-cane. Do you know it? [*Getting belligerant*]

Larry. [*drinking and smacking his lips*] Bedad! it's colics I have for lack av that same.

Julia. Where is the dear man? Is he better? Tell me, sir doctor, is he dangerously ill?

Fritz. Yaw. He ist besser als gut. Sprechen mit Caroleen. [*Julia sits back in the rocking chair, L. C., fanning herself. GREALEY raps at the door R. S. E. calling CAROLINE. FRITZ goes up to MISS JULIA, takes out and opens his big pocket knife.*]

Fritz. You be much sick, ferry krank, I must pleed you some littles; in mine guntry I always cures my mules that way. (*She screams and faints as GREALEY comes in R. S. E., in his night cap and dressing gown*)

Grealey. What's the matter here? What means all this confusion?—Here am I as sick as man can be! Such a rumpus! Who are all these strange people, Caroline? Why are they here?

Caroline. This is Miss Julia, come to see you and to take care of—

Grealey. (*understanding that MARGARET is MISS JULIA, goes up to MARGARET and takes her hand.*) My dear lady, I am sorry to have given you so much trouble, but this is all providential. What is to be, is to be; and we might as well yield to fate. Will you not remain here forever? Be mine, and I yours—never had I such esteem for any lady before. Do not destroy all my fondest hopes?

Margaret. As you wish. What is to be, is to be;

and if I must I must. But what ails you? Where do you feel sick?

Grealey. I feel well enough, but they say I look sick, I resign myself to you.

Margaret. Very well; please send all these people away, I will take care of you myself. No other hand——

Caroline. Well, I am ready to go. The biggest fool of all the fools is the one that dont know he is a fool. Come, Fritz, let us go elsewhere and be happy. Farewell, sick man, that has no ailing.

Fritz. Yaw, das ist besser. Ausgehen nach Deutschland; und ven I sees no fraulein I likes besser als you, I makes you mine frau bimeby already.

Margaret. Yes, go, and we dont want that fussy old woman either.

Larry. Bedad 'tis well said, and true for yer. Do ye be makin the most of the sick man; it's Miss Julia 'll niver want for a frind and protector fwile Larry O'Keoghan can hould a shillalah——

Grealey. Miss Julia there? I thought——

Larry. Divil bother yer thoughts. Take yer Miss Julia; the doctor there his swateheart, an it's mesilf can tell the ginuine lady——

Miss Julia. Thank your kind heart, and, Larry dear, *you* shall have the genuine lady forever. [*giving him her hand*]

Larry. Hooray! Hooray! sind for the praste fwile the iron's hot.

[*They all dance, while the curtain is falling.*]

FINIS.

CORIOLANUS:

AN HISTORICAL DRAMINA,

BY O. A. BROWNSON, JR.

SCENE I.—*Court in Ancient Rome. People, Tribunes, Coriolanus, &c.*

Attius. Most noble judge and honored citizens: In the name of Rome I accuse the prisoner Coriolanus of conspiring against the rights of our people. Behold the infamy of that proud aristocrat! When famine, dire and dreadful; when cruel hunger was upon us; when Romans, whom neither Sabine warriors nor Etruscan cohorts dared face in battle array; when we, soldiers and citizens of Rome, beloved progeny of Mars and Minerva, were overpowered and prostrated by starvation, then—when kind gods had moved the heart of a Sicilian prince to send us grain—this monster forbade us food, denied us life! A foreign nation sends corn to starving Rome; great ships, deep laden, lie moored at our wharves; the people totter, fainting for food; emaciated mothers pray for a few grains to save their suffering, dying children. “Back,” says Coriolanus, “back slaves, no bread till you surrender your birthrights; no food till you yield your liberties!”

O shade of Tarquin! how grinned thy horrid eyes with joy at these sufferings, we had fondly hoped gone forever. Jupiter frowned and filled the lurid sky with thunderbolts. “Back, back,” says Coriolanus, “no bread for starving Romans.” And stands

he there, daring to hope for mercy? *He*, the condemned by Heaven and earth? People and fathers, can such things be in Rome?

Judge. We know thy guilt, Coriolanus. He that would harm Rome's lowest citizen should die, and you would starve the whole nation. Still, time was, when thou wert a Roman general; we banish thee forever from Rome.

Coriolanus. Must it be. Smile on, proud Attius, thy taunts are to me as the idle winds. Blow on, I fear thee not. Romans, have ye forgotten who led your conquering legions at Coriolia? Have Volscian dead so soon been buried? Banished! Be it so. Ye have smothered the burning fires and covered up the rumbling earthquake. I go, but with me goes Coriolanus. [*Exit L. proud and determined.*]

Attius. Now is Rome purged. Let the heralds proclaim that Roman citizens are no longer slaves, that corn and food do freely abound. [*Exeunt omnes R. to martial music*]

SCENE II.—*A street in Rome. Enter a Tribune R. and a young Roman L; they meet C.*

Roman. Alas! we are lost! Rome is no more! But five miles away are the Volscians, victorious, led by Coriolanus. Every battle have we lost, and not a cohort is left to defend the city. Lost—lost—there is no longer hope.

Tribune. Young man, grieve not thus despairingly, the immortal gods can even yet save Rome. I'll hasten to the senate. That noble body shall dissuade the proud Coriolanus from destroying our homes, the homes of his native land. Go, pray for Rome.

Roman. May the gods speed you safe, and may the shade of Romulus grant you success! [*Exit TRIBUNE L. and the young ROMAN R. Wounded soldiers pass through as the scene closes. Slow music*]

SCENE III.—*Without the walls of Rome. Drums in the distance. Enter CORIOLANUS and attendants L.*

Coriolanus. Banished from Rome! Exiled from

my native land and driven from all I love. The smothered fires have burst forth, and the covered earthquake shakes thee, proud Rome. [*Enter Senators R. with flag of truce*]

Senator. Brave Coriolanus, behold the Roman Senate at thy feet. Spare us Rome! Spare us thy native land! Great Coriolanus, before whom Rome's enemies have so often fled, spare us and ours! Come, be again *our* leader, too well art thou now revenged.

Coriolanus. Arise, false friends, ye have chosen! Abide your choice. I come not now to talk; that time is no more. Depart and tell your cherished families, that Death and Coriolanus come. This night shall see your doomed city in flames; to-morrow's sun shall rise on its ashes. I, that denied you bread, will send you where none is needed. Go, and may your fate warn the world of ingratitude. [*Stamping*] Leave my lines. [*Exeunt Senatores R. Drums in the distance, and enter Roman Ladies R., in mournful procession. His WIFE and MOTHER come on c.*]

Ladies. O great Coriolanus! O brave Coriolanus! Save us! Spare us our native land!

Coriolanus. Return females; wives and mothers of ungrateful Romans! Return to your homes, and there repent the banishment of Rome's former champion—Depart, I say.

Wife. Can'st thou, dearest Coriolanus, forget her, who so oft has cooled thy fevered brow? Forgettest thou her who watched over thee, who cared for thee, when so often painfully wounded? Oh! spare her Rome!

Coriolanus. I remember all that and more; but I also remember that thou art a Roman. Come with me and revenge my disgrace, or return and perish with Rome. [*She retires overpowered with grief*]

Mother. Stay, son, and hear thy mother. She commands, she who has carried thee in tired arms. She who ministered to thy every want; who happy, passed the weary night in anxious watching—thankful that her darling boy still lived. Thou mayest not refuse her. Oh! Marcius, spare me Rome! Go,

my son, lead these armies away. I conjure thee by a mother's holy love——

Coriolanus. I yield. Mother, thou hast triumphed. Rome thou hast saved, but thy son destroyed. [*Exit L., with attendants*]

Ladies. O noble Coriolanus! O generous Coriolanus! [*Exeunt R., to joyous music.*]



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